

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

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“Every providence and dispensation of God to His earthly children tends directly to life and salvation, while the influences and powers exerted by the enemy upon humanity and every suggestion of our corrupt natures tend to death.”—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

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A VISIT WITH THE “MORMONS”

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(NOTE: The following is a lecture by Dr. Bräuer, who with his two brothers visited Salt Lake City, Utah, two years before, given at the Fall Conference of the Cologne District, Swiss-German Mission, on November 16th, 1930, and translated into English by Elder Kemmie Bagley, of the Swiss-German Mission Office. The idioms and phraseology are as near the original as translation would permit.—Ed.)

Ladies and gentlemen: What do you know about the “Mormons” when you, as I, do not belong to the “Mormon” denomination? Supposedly the same as I knew thirty-seven years ago, as I returned to Germany after a sojourn of a year and a half in the United States—things I had been told, things I had read, in the main, however, bad things, about which the puritanical American even so reluctantly speaks, as the evangelical or Catholic clergyman in our country—and when he speaks about them, it occurs with contemptuous ignorance of the subject.

Two years ago, I traveled a second time in the United States for an eight-months' period, accompanied by my two brothers. One is a university professor of political science at the University of Breslau; the other is a Düsseldorf engineer. I am an architect and member of the educational board at the local Architectural College. We were all well past the forty-year mark and had entered upon the peaceful fifties. We considered everything, therefore, with the rational eyes of the mature man. Although I endeavoured to gild much of the *ugliness* that I saw with

the happy memories of my youth, nevertheless the viewing of eastern United States soon became a matter of surfeit rather than pleasure. Generally speaking, everywhere the same disagreeable picture—a hundred peoples in a bubbling witches' cauldron, everyone animated, or more truly possessed, by one spirit—the hunt for the dollar. For all haste and unrest, the stereotyped expression: "Time is money." The national picture appeared to us as a giant polypus, for which laws and cultural institutions are nothing more than tentacles, than steely talons, to pull all *ethical* values to it in order to strangle them pitilessly. "C'est la guerre," "It is the war," the Frenchman would say. Yes; "Time is money," but *where*, we asked in unison with the Indian philosopher, Rabindrauath Tagore, where is the *true wealth—Leisure*; where is peace?

THE "CIVILIZATION MAP"

There came to my mind then a "civilization map" that I had seen thirty-seven years before in America. On it—truly American—all the states that belonged to the Union were designated as "enlightened," while the nations of Europe were only classed as "civilized." On the "enlightened" map of the United States, the "Mormon" state, Utah, was an evil, dark, heathen spot, and on the Great Salt Lake the designation, "half-civilized" swam around. "There in the solitudes among the heathen 'Mormons' is surely rest; there," I said to my brothers, "there let us go."

One of the forty thousand policemen who regulate the traffic in Chicago showed us the way to the railroad station. And then began an endless journey, day and night, exactly fifteen hundred miles long. In Colorado Springs, the American Davos or Lucerne, we made a short stop. *Only* six hundred and forty miles more, a cat's leap for American distances, and we would be in Salt Lake City. While our train went puffing up the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, I passed my time away by informing myself about the "Mormons" out of the encyclopedia. When we climbed aboard the train, we had all been "chemically pure" from knowledge about the "Mormons." Our judgment, therefore, was undimmed by information about the subject. Consequently, we had to believe that which we saw recorded in black and white. I am sorry that I must repeat this bookish knowledge to you, despite the danger of making myself obnoxious to the "Mormons" who are present:

Joe Smith, a sensually inclined man, at the age of twenty-five years had a *vision*, then another one, in which the Angel *Mormon* appeared to him and commissioned him to dig for two copper plates in the State of New York, near Manchester. Joe found them, lying in a chest with the magic spectacles, Urim, and sitting behind a curtain translated the mystic characters by means of the powers of seership which the magic

spectacles lent him. His friend, a school master, wrote down the dictation in poor English. In 1830 it was published and is in nature a novel in which the Indians are designated as the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Joe Smith, a farm-hand, of whom stories of shiftlessness, dirtiness, and even drunkenness were common, was thrown in prison in 1844 and shot in his cell by two hundred adventurous fellows with blackened faces. The priest-king, Brigham Young, who led the "Mormons" over the Rocky Mountains after open battle with the United States and founded the town, Salt Lake City, became his successor. Young, the priest-king, by profession glazier, defeated "earthly" (American!) justice by his death in 1877. The "'Mormon' bishop," Lee, was executed for murder.*

So read the report. Well, thought we, as the train neared Salt Lake City, this will surely bring jolly surprises.

ARRIVAL IN SALT LAKE CITY—THE GREATEST SURPRISE

An hour away by the train lies the "Mormon" town, Ogden. Here, a whole group of people climbed aboard, young folk. As the traveler across from me declared, without contradiction, these were "Mormons." Strange! We had imagined them—corresponding to the likeness of the leader, Brigham Young—in seaman's beards and frock coats; we had thought the women to be something like Turkish women—shy and sly and in exotic garments. And these were people like all others; just one thing struck us agreeably: The women and girls wore no horn-rimmed spectacles, as most of the American women do. Neither were they "enameled"—in no other terms can one describe the disgusting use of cosmetics—as the others were. Nor did they sit prudishly and silently in a corner, but were gay and merry, full of natural grace, and were tastefully dressed.

At last the train rolled into Salt Lake City, arriving at a monumental station, entirely European in its impression—no desolate plank booth for expediency's sake alone—like in many large American cities, where, for example in New Orleans and Seattle, the fast trains travel even to-day through the busiest streets. The hall of the building is spanned by a great full-centered vault, in whose frontal arches are two glorious frescoes which, like lightning, illuminate the history of the development of the "Mormons": The arrival of the pioneers under Young, with ox-teams and wagons; and the arrival of the first Pacific railroad in 1869.

With the greatest of suspense, we went into the city, much as though it were the forbidden city of the Dalai-Lama. A new surprise—this was a wonderful, serene, peaceful and superior city, such as we had not hitherto seen. Streets one hundred sixty feet wide; no life-endangering motor car traffic as in all other American cities. And these infamous "Mormons"! These callons

*An old edition of the encyclopedia.

miscreants! They were charming, likable people—laughing eyes, everywhere one glanced; the reflected radiance of the resplendent sun on every face. Arm in arm the people went along the street. With a friendly smile we were then directed by a group of passers-by to the stately Hotel Utah, administered by the “Mormons” themselves. Before we had time for thought, we were above on the roof garden—here under blooming oleanders, an intoxicating alpine and sub-tropic floral glory. A glance over the landscape that we had imagined as a *salt desert*. “Gray, dear friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life.” As far as the naked or the spectacled eye reaches, one sees bright emerald green. Even in the center of the town, high poplar rows, like the Napoleonic streets of Germany, flank the streets, and billowed tree-tops mark the numerous parks, as also beyond the city, where field after field, garden after garden stretches away. And in the background of the zionistic paradise, one sees the gleaming masses of the Wasatch glaciers. A grandiose, biblical landscape! *This* was the *first* impression.

SOME WONDERFUL BUILDINGS

After a short time we viewed the city; first, the sacred places of the Temple Block. The Temple, with its six granite towers staring up into the sky and with the angel Moroni standing on the top of the highest, blowing a trumpet, comes into view. For forty years the “Mormons” worked on it and piled up stone blocks weighing sixty cwt. into walls eight feet thick—a gigantic technical achievement! As non-“Mormon,” I was not allowed to see the interior; but to judge from illustrations, the interior is furnished in the costliest manner. The culminating effect is achieved by a baptismal font, supported by twelve life-sized gold-bronze oxen. Involuntarily, one makes comparisons with the Solomonic temple.

An even more remarkable building—the only one of its kind in the world—is the “Tabernacle.” From the roof garden it looked like a giant turtle lying in the green. Forty-four mighty Norman pillars, twenty feet high, build an elliptical colonnade that is spanned by an overwhelming cupola. We are shown inside and behold one of the largest music auditoriums—at any rate by far the best—in all the world. The half-ellipsoid, two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide—the minor axis therefore of wider span than the St. Peter’s dome in Rome—covers a vast interior space of ten thousand amphitheatrical seats. Not a single iron nail or iron spike was employed in the building. The latticed arches of the roof that contain the great resonance chamber of the ceiling are fashioned in the most dexterous manner and are bound together with cow-hide thongs the thickness of one’s finger. The only embellishment of the hall is an organ in the focal point of the ellipse, a masterpiece that has

no equal of its kind in the world. It can only be compared, at most, with the Freiburg master-work, or with that of the London Crystal Palace. Eight thousand wooden pipes, the longest thirty-two feet in length; four sixty-two-tone keyboards; and two hundred stops and regulators—seven organs are combined in one! The bellows-chambers are very spacious, like large rooms, and the wind pressure is furnished by means of three motors.

AN UNFORGETTABLE ORGAN CONCERT

O, we heard it play, this wonder organ. It played German, *German* music in never-heard perfection—Beethoven, Wagner, Grieg and Johann Sebastian Bach, the classical sacred music of our masters—such tones of indescribable, unknown instruments, transporting us out of reality! Harmony of the spheres, caroling angels, nightingale's song; softly, softly sounding out of the infinite distance; now awakening, deep and full, coming nearer; whole orchestras of trumpets, violins, cellos, bass horns, flutes; and then the fifty-six pipes of the "vox humana," the human voices. Now the choir joins in, a choir of three hundred mixed voices. A Niagara of tones roars around us, intensified a thousand fold by the resonance vault of the dome. As magically as it had come, the sea of tones rolls back, fading out, dying away in the distance. The silence of death around us, we sit as though riveted to our seats until long after the concert has ended. At last we walk out into the blinding sun. None of us says a word. Was this music, that cannot be described but can only be lived, the emotional expression of a people enthralled by a mad fancy? What kind of a people is this, that needs such a hall and such music for its daily edification? "So." It was my brother who broke the eloquent silence with the redeeming word.

From this moment the web of falsehood of a pharisaical historical forgery that a world of calumniators has thrown about such a noble people, appeared threadbare to us. What an unconceivable religious spirit; what a powerful, creative, formative will must animate this "Mormon" people! It is comparable to the God idea of the middle ages that built the sky-aspiring Rhenish cathedrals; an idea to whose service the genius of art and technique as readily placed itself as the sacrifice of the poor widow who gave her last mite "for God's sake." The giant trees had to be hauled more than three hundred miles by means of primitive ox-teams out of "Pine Valley" in the extreme south. Often it was necessary to yoke the oxen and float the logs—fastened together with ropes the thickness of one's arm—across swift mountain torrents, while the oxen were taken miles up or down the river and led across at a ford. The outfits were under way for months. Entire herds of cattle and swine were slaughtered, and glue for the construction of the organ prepared from their hides.

We learned all this and much more quite accidentally from the

most competent source, namely from Mr. Levi Edgar Young, a grand-nephew of this Brigham Young of whom we shall hear more later. Mr. Young is professor of history at the State University in Utah, an authority in his special department, the history of Western America. We met him purely by chance. Amiability and hospitableness characterize the American. But what Mr. Young offered surely surpassed every conception. He devoted himself to us. At his instance we were introduced to the President of the Church and his two counselors. Without the least show of formality, we were immediately received in a palatial audience chamber by a genial, venerable patriarch. "You come to a land," he began, "where the German people are accorded the greatest conceivable respect. Consider us 'Mormons' as your family, this house as your house, and the house of every 'Mormon' as your own." After a stimulating conversation, he said farewell to us with the words, "Come again, dear brethren, come again." I must admit that we were deeply shamed by such kind-heartedness, arising so directly from the breast of man.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE MOSES OF THE "MORMONS"

Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to relate what else we discovered about the "Mormons." Brigham Young stepped into the lime-light of history when Joseph Smith was murdered in 1844. The settlement of the "Mormons," a town of twelve hundred houses, was laid in ruins by the American troops. The "Mormons" determined to migrate, and on the tenth of February, 1846, the first ox-team, with destination unknown, crossed the Mississippi. Unspeakably laborious was this march; hundreds of wagons mired hopelessly in the mud. Then came the bitter winter. Through wind and sleet the poor persecuted people had to wander, day and night. On one occasion, nine babies were born in a single day. Sickness and death beset the refugees. Their graves served as guideposts for those who came later. During the winter camp a plague, exhaled by the fever-pregnant earth, came upon these poorest of the poor and claimed six hundred sacrifices. But despite all that, the "Mormons" did not let their courage sink. What it means to guide fifteen thousand people with a train of three thousand wagons and thirty thousand head of live-stock for a year and a half through a partly unexplored region, I do not need to describe more minutely. Such a journey is like the desert march of Moses, or the train of ten thousand Zenophons, or the expedition of Hannibal over the Alps. These heroic exploits are sung by a thousand years' history. Everyone knows them. Who knows of the march of Brigham Young? The very few.

On the 24th of July, 1847, the first expedition of the "Mormons" arrived in Salt Lake—one hundred forty-three men, three women and two children, all picked people—alas, no Germans among

them. Next to Young, Orson Pratt—surveyor, astronomer and mathematician—was the most important personage. Young looked out over the Jordan Valley as he stood in his wagon and uttered the memorable words: "This is the place!" One must believe in a prophetic gift of this Young, whether he will or not, when one pictures what he must have seen in the high salt plateau at that time—a barren, entirely treeless land, growing only mustard weeds, cactus and sunflowers. A single, miserable little tree that is now fenced in and still to be seen, stood at that time in Salt Lake City.

Under the leadership of this highly-gifted man, a pioneering work was begun that is without parallel here on earth. In the short space of a generation, bee-hive industry and heroic energy drawn from the eternal fountain of a strong faith in God, made a paradise out of an alkali desert. It is altogether too little known that great regions of America—for example, much of California—would be barren deserts without artificial irrigation, which, by the way, the Indians and Spaniards had already utilized. Young, with Orson Pratt, built an intricate net of canals through the valley from the mountain streams and the Jordan. He and no other was therefore father of the idea that has brought not only the State of Utah, but also entire sections of the remainder of America immeasurable wealth in treasures of the soil. *The same man*, whom the divine spark of genius and a steadfast belief in God showed the way through night and horror to the light, and to whom the Americans are so infinitely indebted, was charged with iniquity by the latter and escaped—as the shameless chronicle reports—"only through death the justice of this earth."

THE MIRACLE OF THE SEA GULLS

Ladies and gentlemen: Yesterday you heard something of the plague of the crickets. To this, the following supplementary matter may be added: As the situation was the most critical, the heavens darkened for a second time as they had at the approach of the crickets. Myriads of sea gulls came flying and fell upon the insects in frantic fury. They gulped them down, disgorged them; devoured others, and disgorged them again; flew to their nesting places to feed their young; came back to gorge on others, and continued the work of extermination until the crickets had disappeared. In this way at least a part of the harvest was saved. An entire people, however, were preserved from inevitable starvation. This miracle, for one cannot designate this occurrence in any other way, is reported by eye-witnesses. It is no pious legend; it is a fact. Even the non-"Mormon" must admit to himself that the finger of God was plainly recognizable there. Among the "Mormons" from this time on the sea gull has stood under the protection of the state government.

(Continued on page 441)

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1931

EDITORIAL

CONFORMITY

PEOPLE walking along a street keep to the right. Thereby, the traffic, however dense, does not become congested. By common agreement, for the common welfare, all good citizens conform to the practice.

Vehicles keep to the right or left of the road, according to the regulations of the country, and thereby accidents are averted and business accelerated.

Similar regulations, many in number, for the safety and convenience of society, are established, recognized and obeyed for the good of all.

To walk to the left or drive on the wrong side of the road may not be called a sin; but one who does so interferes with others, often endangers their lives, and, being out of harmony with the group to whom he belongs, becomes a menace and a nuisance. Whoever is a law unto himself should live by himself, away from others.

A person who disobeys the minor regulations of community life does not remain an acceptable member of society. Conformity to the usages of men, established for human good, is as indispensable, while men live together, as obedience to the laws of the land.

This doctrine applies to life in the Church. Eternal laws and ordinances constitute the Gospel. These must be accepted and obeyed, or salvation is forfeited. The orderly applications of these principles require many man-made regulations, conformity to which is essential to a happy life in the Church, and for the full enjoyment of the blessings of the Gospel.

No divine mandate sets the time for beginning a meeting, but if set for a certain time, the late arrival, who fails to conform to the regulations, disturbs and injures the proceedings of the evening, and he, himself, fails to obtain the full value of the occasion.

The revelations of the Lord may not specify the time when tithing is to be paid, but if the members of the Church are asked, by their representatives, to give to the Lord when the substance is received, the one who fails to do so, being out of harmony, not only suffers thereby, himself, but he interferes with the regular operation of the law of tithing in the Church.

Whoever accepts membership in the Church must seek to

conform to its practices. Then he becomes possessed of the spirit of the Church. He then helps the cause onward, and becomes a help instead of a hindrance in the promotion of righteousness.

Conformity to the timely regulations of the Church encourages obedience to the eternal laws upon which the Church is built. Failure to conform causes spiritual decay and unhappiness.

Conformity expresses the spirit of full devotion to the Gospel cause.—W.

A VISIT WITH THE "MORMONS"

(Concluded from page 439)

That a people, which in prayer, in need, and in the hardest of physical labour, struggles through the dreary routine of daily life, also has time to busy themselves with intellectual things, sounds more than dubious. Nevertheless, this proves to be true about the "Mormons." Four whole days after the arrival, Brigham Young struck his staff in the arid sand and exclaimed: "Here let us build a temple!" You have already heard of the marvelous structure of the new tabernacle. Take cognizance of the fact, however, that even in 1852 the "Mormons" had completed the so-called "old tabernacle." At the dedication of this hall of music and edification, Haydn's "Creation" was presented. "Let there be Light," the "Mormons" sang.

Then soon after the plague of the crickets, they founded a university. Elementary education in tents was no longer sufficient for the people. Ah, I have seen it, the touching picture of this university—a one-story house with a door in the middle and a window on each side. But this university which, without lessening its significance, we shall call a "higher institution," had a *faculty*. Orson Pratt was the head—mathematician, astronomer, geologist and surveyor, a man of deep erudition, corresponding member of the most eminent European universities. Twelve other scientists assisted him. The cultivation of the intellectual sciences was accorded the greatest attention—especially the German classicists. And so Goethe's "Faust" and the Schiller dramas were read. The honorarium of the learned men consisted of food supplies and fuel, delivered in wheelbarrows at the university.

As for myself, I must refuse to talk about the beliefs of the "Mormons." The "poorly written novel" of Joseph Smith, now serves the researcher in American archaeology as source and guide. The structure of lies of a puritainical historical falsification that has been erected around the figure of a martyr collapses like a house of cards when one considers the works that the followers of this reviled man have brought forth. This does not alter the fact, and it must also be said, that the "Mormons" at

the beginning of their colonization activities introduced plural marriage. The scarcity of men, the isolation in the desert, the constant persecution of their faith, but not least, *the intention to keep their own stock pure from the prevailing highly questionable elements of a mixed group of adventurers out of the surrounding West*—these were weighty and well-considered reasons for Young's measures. At any rate he succeeded in breeding a strong people. To-day, plural marriage is prohibited. Any "Mormon" who should practice it openly or secretly would be unhesitatingly expelled from the fellowship of their religious democracy.

WORKS SPEAK THE TRUTH

In truth, only on its works should one measure the worth of a belief. I saw these works, not only with both of my eyes, but through the eyes of my brothers as well; and it was a *revelation* to me. The picture, petrified now to a staring grimace, that—thanks to the mountains of patiently printed matter about the "Mormon" land and people—haunts the European intellectual world, appeared to us now in a radically different light. The land appealed to us as a peaceful island, lashed by the seething waves of a greedy, never-satiated ocean, the inhabitants as bearers of a fine inward culture. Here in the land of the "Mormons," and no other place, is peace and leisure—the real wealth of a Rabindranath Tagore.

What is Salt Lake City to-day? As a result of its general plan, laid out after Young's original outline, it is the most beautiful city in the United States. According to information obtained personally from the highest government officials in Washington, it has the best educational system, unrivaled in the entire country. The value of the school property is estimated at £1,100,000; the public property at £44,000,000. Twelve banks, part of them state or national banks, have aggregate deposits of over £14,000,000, and their yearly clearings amount to more than £200,000,000. The blessings of God have been plainly manifested there. Much more might be mentioned—the libraries, the bathing pools, the museum, the public buildings, among which is a capitol that, as far as style and quality of the building material are concerned, puts the capitol at Washington in the shade. And the "Mormon" brotherhood has brought all this about within two generations. Paint the civilization map black; leave only Utah white, the land of the "Mormons." Hats off! I must avow that the "Mormons" are a race of heroes.

To you, honourable Mission President, and to you, my young students of the University of Utah, who have come over here as crusaders against deliberately or negligently false traditions of your faith, I extend a hearty welcome. Welcome to the land of Bishop Ulfila, who first translated the Bible and brought it nearer to the Germanic peoples in the fourth century. Welcome

to the land of Martin Luther, who in 1520 at the Diet of Worms called out undaunted by a world of enemies: "Refute me from the Holy Scriptures; otherwise I shall not retract! Here I stand. I can do nothing else. God help me. amen." Your faith is as great as was theirs. It is so great that it has moved *mountains*.

In loyal and thoughtful veneration of your forebears, you have erected a marble roof, supported by noble Grecian pillars, over the first log cabin of the settlement. Even more impressive is the monument that you have erected in the hearts of three brothers, who have received imperishable impressions of your great deeds of culture, and who, before your deep religion, so manifest in your works, bow their heads in silent reverence.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT THE "MORMONS"

THIRD DECADE: 1851-1860

1854. LORD HOUGHTON—British Statesman and author.

"The Select Committee of the House of Commons (British) on emigrant ships for 1854 summoned the 'Mormon' Agent and Passenger Broker before it, and came to the conclusion that no ship under the provisions of the 'Passenger Act' could be depended upon for comfort and security in the same degree as those under his administration. The 'Mormon' ship is a family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace." (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. 115, page 185.)

1855. Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley—Travelers and authors.

"In emphatically stating that they ('Mormon' women) are pious, modest, chaste, faithful, devoted, sincere, laborious, honest, honourable in all respects, it is satisfactory to find ourselves agreeing with every traveler, who, like ourselves have spent some time on the borders of the Salt Lake. For our part, we affirm that after traveling for ten years over almost every part of the globe, it is still a question with us if there be any country in which the women are generally more virtuous, and more moral, than amongst the 'Mormons.' . . . Indeed, but for the condition of the male children, which seems to present some unpleasant features, we should have no fear in stating that nowhere else have we seen a society in which public order, pure morality and external decorum are more striking than amongst the 'Mormons.' . . . Prostitution, that frightful cancer which eats into the vitals of other societies, is unknown at Utah. Adultery . . . is so rare among the 'Mormons' that it may be said not to exist. . . . The style of living among the 'Mormons' is simple and frugal. . . . They are very temperate. . . . There are certainly in Utah fewer disturbances, less drunken-

ness, fewer monstrous crimes, than anywhere else in the world. The 'Mormons' are not only laborious and honest, they also enjoy an unruffled repose of conscience. . . . Rare is it to meet with men gayer or more at peace with themselves; happiness beams in every feature; they are really happy." (*A Journey to Great Salt Lake City*, vol. 1, page 243; vol. 2, pages 271, 273.)

1855. William Chandless—Traveler and author.

"The 'Mormons' are not a licentious people. I do not, of course, mean to say there is no immorality; one or two houses even have a reputation such as we call 'bad,' but their frequenters are in the main Gentiles, and the subject is not much more than whispered, and then with a glance to leeward. Anything like systematized or public prostitution would not be tolerated for a moment. Aliquor law, enforced pretty strictly, compels sobriety; which virtue is, therefore, no subject for praise. Swearing, at least blasphemous swearing, in public streets is prohibited under pain of a five-dollars fine for each offence; the fine is scarcely ever imposed, but violation of the law is uncommon, and very rarely in public or private do you hear an oath. . . .

"Taking the people all round, I consider them as moral, industrious, fair-dealing, and as hospitable a set as one is apt to fall in with." (*A Visit to Salt Lake*, page 194.)

1860. Sir Richard F. Burton—Traveler, explorer and author.

"The 'Mormons' have been represented, and are generally believed to be, an intolerant race. I found the reverse nearer the fact. . . . And I hope to make it appear that the highly-coloured social peculiarities of the New Faith ('Mormonism') have been used as a tool by designing men to raise up enmity against a peaceful, industrious and law-abiding people, whose whole history has been a course of cruel persecution, which, if man really believed in his own improvement, would be a disgrace to a self-styled enlightened age." (*The City of the Saints*, pages 249, 266.)

THE GOSPEL IN THE HOME

WILLIAM J. JOLLIFFE, JR., LONDON DISTRICT

TELL your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.—Joel 1:3.

It has been well and truly said that charity begins at home. The same may be said with equal truth of teaching the beautiful principles of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. Can we honestly expect our missionary endeavours to bear fruit if we have neglected the primary step in such labours? By all means, let us seek to impart the precepts of life and salvation to our fellowmen who are, as it were, encompassed about by a sea of doubt and uncertainty; but home has a prior claim.

Our first duty is to begin at our own fireside and teach our children of God's sublime plan for the redemption of mankind. This is a solemn parental duty—one that we cannot delegate solely to Sunday Schools, to teachers, nor to any instructive organization; these can assist us inestimably, but cannot excuse us from such a sacred and personal obligation. Mothers and fathers must, like Abraham of old, command their households in the fear of God, and instruct their offspring concerning the great and wondrous works of the Lord.

Parental teaching is also a natural duty, for who are so fit and proper to look to a child's spiritual education as those who are authors of his actual being? To neglect the instruction of our children in things pertaining to the Gospel is a serious matter.

Religion at home is necessary, not only for the family, but for the Church of God, and for the very nation itself, because of its guiding influence in after-life, and the sense of duty and spirit of whole-hearted loyalty it infuses. And what a sweetly pleasant task it is to speak of the Lord Jesus Christ to our sons and daughters; to tell of His redeeming love, to instill into their young and impressionable minds the story of the restoration of the true faith in this latter age, and to explain its divine truths. What greater joy can come to parents than to gather their little ones round and unite with them in simple prayer and song, to answer their infant questions, to plant in their hearts the seeds of duty and devotion, and to watch and nurture the blooming of the flower?

Can there be any thought more beautiful than knowledge that our children are dedicated to the Lord's service, and that through the light of the Gospel learned at their own fireside, their feet are firmly planted and set in the straight and narrow way that leads to eternal life?

So let us not neglect to teach the Gospel in our homes, for it is a command of the Lord, and in this simple way, by His good grace, a living testimony of Truth will always be kept alive.

THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

REALIZING that it is impossible to work all the towns in the District properly with the few missionaries which are in the District, the members of the Manchester District held a tracting ramble in the centrally located town of Middleton, on Saturday, June 20th. It was felt that this would provide a good way to give some of the smaller villages an opportunity to hear the Gospel.

The members met in Middleton Park at 3 p.m., where they were furnished tracts. Groups were sent out, each under the direction of two Elders, to various sections of the town which had

previously been conveniently divided for the work. The tractors reassembled in the city recreational ground at 5:30 p.m., to eat their lunches and to play games.

At 7:30 p.m. the entire group went to the market place where an open-air meeting was held. It was a thrilling sight and attracted much attention to see such a number of Latter-day Saints gathered together, and to hear them sing such songs as "O Say What Is Truth," "The Spirit of God," and "O My Father."

More than four thousand tracts were distributed during the afternoon. The members enjoyed their tracting experience immensely, and expressed themselves as being ready for more.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Arrivals and Assignments: The following missionaries arrived at Plymouth on June 16th, aboard the *America*, for the British Mission, and have been thus assigned: Henry Groom, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Newcastle District, and Rulon Day Newell, Mona, Utah, to the Sheffield District.

Transfers: The following missionaries have been transferred from and to the Districts specified: Elder E. Ronald Jones, Newcastle to Welsh, on June 7th; Elder Henry Vernon Clegg, Bristol to Sheffield, and Elder Ural Sheppick, Sheffield to Bristol, transferred on June 9th; Elder Joseph W. Marriott, Sheffield to Portsmouth, transferred on June 10th; Elder Wayne B. Lake, Birmingham to London, and Elder Robert J. Smith, Newcastle to Birmingham, transferred on June 15th.

Releases and Departures: The following missionaries have been honourably released from their labours in the British Mission, and have departed for their homes in America: Clyde M. Hopkins—Bristol and Portsmouth Districts, released on May 31st, and Cyrus H. Gold—Leeds and Ulster Districts, released on June 1st, sailed from Cherbourg on June 18th, aboard the *George Washington*; Gordon L. Allen—Ulster and London Districts, released on June 2nd, sailed from Cherbourg on June 25th, aboard the *Leviathan*.

Branch Conferences: Of the Hexham Branch (unorganized), Newcastle District, held on Sunday, May 31st. A good spirit prevailed during the Conference, which was enjoyed by all who attended. President Earl B. Cragun, and Elders Angus S. Bodily and Clarence L. Miller were present.

Of the Oldham Branch, Manchester District, held on June 7th. The program of the day was based upon the purpose of life and the future possibilities of man. Special musical numbers made the services very effective. The attendance was good in spite of inclement weather. President Junius E. Driggs and Elder W. Kenneth Whatcott attended.

Of the Burnley Branch, Liverpool District, held on April 26th. "A Living Faith Produces Willing Obedience" was the theme of the meet-

ings, which were well attended by members and friends. President Gordon B. Taylor and Elder John F. Hawkins were the missionaries present.

Doings in the Districts: *Bristol*—At a baptismal service held at the River Avon on June 27th, two persons were baptized in the River by President Glenn N. Hart and Elder Sidney G. Atkin, and were confirmed the same day by President Hart and local Elder Henry E. Neal.

On Sunday, June 14th, at the evening Sacrament meetings, special programs were furnished in the Branches of the Bristol District by each Mutual Improvement Association.

Free State—On May 5th, two persons were baptized by President Benjamin R. Birchall. They were confirmed members of the Church the same day by President Birchall.

Leeds—A social evening was enjoyed at the Halifax Branch Hall on Saturday, June 13th. An illustrated lecture on historical Bradford, given by Sister Olive Whitaker, was followed by musical numbers and refreshments.

Liverpool—The Liverpool Branch M. I. A., on Thursday, June 4th, sponsored a social evening in honour of the return to Liverpool of European Mission President and Sister John A. Widtsoe, after their three-months' visit to Church headquarters in Salt Lake City. A splendid program was given. President and Sister Widtsoe told some of their experiences while on their journey and visit, and Patriarch and Sister James H. Wallis, who arrived with them in the mission field, spoke of their early life as converts to the Gospel in England. Delightful refreshments were served to all who attended.

The Liverpool Branch gave a surprise party in honour of Patriarch and Sister James H. Wallis on Tuesday, June 9th, their golden wedding anniversary. An interesting program was followed by talks from the guests of honour. A delightful evening was enjoyed.

Newcastle—On Saturday evening, June 6th, an inter-district M. I. A. contest took place between the Newcastle and Hull Districts in the Co-operative Hall, Middlesbrough. Entrants from each District competed in dramatic reading, classical singing, public speaking and comic singing, each District winning two items. A spirit of good sportsmanship prevailed throughout the contests.

Portsmouth—A Genealogy class was organized at Brighton on Sunday, June 21st, with Elder Andrew R. Cluff as chairman. Many members and friends are manifesting an active interest in this activity.

An outing of the Brighton Branch Primary children was held on the Race Hill Downs, on June 22nd. The evening's program consisted of many lively games, after which light refreshments were served. The spirit shown by the members of the Church and the missionaries impressed the mothers of the children who are not members of the Church, and all expressed a desire for their children to continue Primary work.

The first M. I. A. outing of the Brighton Branch was held in Preston Park on June 24th. Many people gathered to witness the game of indoor baseball which marked the main feature of the evening's program.

Sheffield—On Saturday, May 30th, the Sheffield Branch Relief Society provided a full course dinner in the chapel, to raise funds for the Society. The project was the first of its kind in the Branch, and proved very successful.

On June 11th, two persons were baptized by Elder Ural Sheppick at the Sheffield Chapel. They were confirmed members of the Church by Elders James C. Rawlinson and Dix W. Price.

Welsh—A very successful social evening was enjoyed by the Pontllanfraith Primary class at the home of Sister Gertrude Dance, on May 27th. Sisters Gertrude and Nora Dance, President and teacher, organized and supervised the games; refreshments were provided. Since the organization of the Primary, the enrollment has steadily increased, and the children enjoy the lessons and readily take part on the program.

MEASURES OF LIFE

We may live on the wage of our humble toil
 Or may revel in wealth acquired,
 For life is appraised not in terms of pelf,
 But in number of souls inspired.

We may live in a palace superb and grand
 Or in lowliest cottage may dwell;
 The feature important in each life is
 Not where we live, but how well.

It little avails what time in life
 Its closing scenes may be,
 For the length of life is not told in years,
 But in the units of degree.

In terms of service, in words of love
 And encouragement each one gives,
 Will the value of every life be gauged,
 To show how much one lives.

J. S. BINGHAM.

BRITISH MISSION ADDRESS: A. WILLIAM LUND, PRESIDENT, 23 BOOTH STREET, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM

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